

New York, May 10, 1864.

Dear Wife:

I do not know how you were affected by the weather yesterday, but in the cars the heat was sweltering, even to the intensity of a dog-day in August; and, consequently, I was very much wearied at the end of my journey - all the more as I brought along with me the headache that I had the night previous. I did not leave my seat from the time I left the Boston depot till I entered the New York one. Was not that "a protracted sitting"? I forgot to take a lunch with me, and so ate nothing on the way; but abstinence was better than eating. Mr. Quincy, Mr. May, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Sargent were all that came on with me; but I felt so completely used up that I attempted to hold no conversation with any of them.

You recollect that when we went to the Decade celebration, somewhere between New Haven and New York we had a surprising and very sudden change in the weather, with a very severe rain and hail-storm. At about the same place, yesterday, the bright sun was suddenly darkened, the temperature fell several degrees, and for an hour it rained, hailed, thundered and lightened as if the day of doom had come.

We arrived at 5 o'clock. Wendell and Oliver were waiting to receive me. I took Wendell along with me to Hopper's, where he spent the evening—Oliver coming up after tea. George Thompson had preceded me only a few minutes. I found him in good trim, and none the worse for his labors. We spent a very pleasant evening together—Mrs. Hopper and Lucy Gibbons playing some fine pieces on the piano, and little Willie, with a little girl, and a little contrabass from Gen. Lee's Arlington estate, singing some comic pieces.

I was very much surprised to learn from Mrs. Slapper, that her mother died two or three months ago. It was always pleasant to meet her here, as she was ever kind in her manner. I am now writing in the chamber she occupied.

Oliver has presented Thompson and myself each with a nice pair of slippers, in order, as he says, that we may be put upon a good footing. But is it proper to tread upon one's kindness?

I have had a refreshing sleep, and this morning feel all right. No headache, no feverish symptoms about me. The day promises fair for our meeting — but I never trust the weather here for an hour.

Thompson came on from Philadelphia in company with Mary Green.

Of course, I have nothing special to write about as yet, but may add a postscript at the close of this morning's session. Love to the household.

Always yours, W^m. Lloyd Garrison.

P.S. by your Wendell. I
have just come down from what has
proved a very fine meeting. Mr.
Phillips opened with a very im-
personal criticism of the admin-
istration, and an exposition of the
national peril. Father made a
"counter" in favor of Lincoln
briefly. Mr. Day, a colored
man, spoke well; and Thompson
made a speech full of tact and
discrimination. Lucretia Mott
closed the exercises. Her husband is
with her. Mary Grew & Mr. McKim
were also present; Mrs. Mrs. Gay, Miss
de Peyster, Mr. Mrs. Bramhall,
Lucy Stone, Mattie Griffith, Anna
Powell & Father, Edw. M. Davis, S. S.
Foster, W. Wells Brown, Tilla Martin,
Father Garrett, &c. &c. Many inquired
after you, "dear Mother," and I
was glad to be able to report favora-
bly. Mrs. Smalley, Sadie Atwell, Sophie
and Annie et. were all on hand.